

## THE TEN BIGGEST MONEY-MAKERS OF NEW YORK.

Specialists in Various Odd Callings Who Earn Thousands by Their Brains.



The Oculist.

"WHAT MAN in New York City earns the most money annually?" asks a Journal reader. It is a difficult question to answer, as there is a general difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word "earn." The Rockefeller, Astor, Vanderbilt, Havemeyer and others of a very rich minority may be excluded from the list of those who earn. Were they one and all to retire from business their wealth would continue to augment, and their incomes would not decline. The great enterprises that are associated with their names would go on just the same. Therefore, they cannot be said to earn what comes to their hands. This is true also of the great capitalists, inventors and merchant princes. After an exhaustive study of the field, the distinction of being the largest earners of money, of incomes that will cease with the life of the principals, must be given to the members of the medical profession. Among

among the lawyers and the members of the latter, by common consent, Dr. Herman Knapp, the specialist in diseases of the eye, is credited with an annual income from fees alone of \$250,000. Some of these fees are, of course, "fancy" in their proportion, and are charged on the basis of the financial standing of the patient rather than upon the delicacy of the optical surgery demanded. Yet Dr. Knapp has earned his reputation, and in the days of big fees he is but recouping himself for the early days of hard work and small fees.

When the lawyers are asked who of their number makes the largest income from his profession they reply with practical unanimity, "Joseph H. Choate," and estimate his aggregate fees at \$250,000, which is perhaps a fair average.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll is credited with earning \$200,000 a year from his infrequent but high priced appearances in the higher courts, and from his lecturing, \$800 per night with all expenses paid. In a city of great wealth, like New York, the salaries paid to the preachers at the head of some fashionable churches are princely. In any discussion of the income of preachers, the name of the Rev. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is first and foremost. His congregation represents in the aggregate more wealth than that of any church society in the United States, and it is fitting, therefore, that it should pay its venerable pastor a salary of \$30,000 annually, which, with various trusteeships and

beneficent marriage, funeral and christening fees, is increased to an amount equal to that paid to the President of the United States, and equal to the salary of the highest priced presidents of railroads and manufacturing trusts.

From the pulpit to the stage is a far cry, and in casting about for the actor who receives the largest salary or guarantee, which is the same thing, it is learned that John Drew has several years to run yet under contract with the Frohmans by which he receives \$1,000 a week for each week in which he appears (about forty), in addition to a percentage of the receipts of the business.

After the theatre go to the Waldorf and enjoy the creations of Tennessee, reflecting, meanwhile, that gowns has its rewards in any line of life, for this cook of cooks gets \$25,000 a year, and in consequence is called "chef."

The richest bootblack in New York is "Tony." He has another name, but it is known only to his banker and his family. He commenced life as a simple bootblack in the halls of the old Chamber of Commerce, and to-day he has palatial boot-black parlors in a half dozen public buildings, employs a hundred deft young slaves of the brush, and is credited with adding to his already snug fortune \$25,000 yearly.

There is evidently money in these humble but essential services to mankind. Were it not so, how could Michael Burns, the head porter at the Waldorf, afford to pay \$10,000 per annum for the privilege of handling the baggage of the guests, paying his assistants regular salaries, and recouping himself from the "tips" which an inexorable custom demands from all travellers?

There are many tales also of fortunes that have been accumulated by expert waiters in hotel dining rooms and cafes. Old "Arthur" at the Sinclair House, where he has been for forty years, is known to own rows of houses, and was once overheard to say that he would not sell his job for \$5,000 a year.

There are many tales, some of them idle, some of them partially true, about the large fortunes that street beggars have accumulated. There is an old fellow who has followed Broadway from the days when Canal street was the centre of life on up to the Forty-second street of to-day, who is known only as "Fine-Nit." He has for forty years saluted pedestrians with this remark. He means "fine night." He offers a pitiful tray of matches for sale, and his forlorn and miserable countenance causes many a misapplied coin to pass into his grubby hands. From his earnings he has been able to build three rows of tenements on the East Side, and he is worth a quarter of a million, so the police say.

Governor Levi P. Morton has on his farm at Ellerslie a herd of Jersey cows, any one of which earns, in the production of milk, \$600 a year, enough to keep a small family in comfort.

Ted Sloane, the jockey, earned \$40,000 during the last season, and is good for that amount of money as long as he does not get too fat or too heavy to get mounts on the younger horses.

Frank Ives, the billiard player, has, by his skill on the green table, earned \$25,000 yearly for five years past. "Talking about 'money earners,'" said William Easton, the veteran turf authority, "I never knew a man that earned as much money in so short a time as Dominio. He was a race horse, and he is on the Keene stock farm to-day, still earning \$3,000 a year for his owner, but when he was on the turf, in his two and three year old form, he earned in purses \$190,333."

These, of course, are the stars of the various callings represented. It by no means follows that every man can do the same thing. But it has been demonstrated that a man need not go into Wall Street or railroad financing to accumulate a fortune. Steady, close application to any specialty has its rewards. "Thrift, industry, thrift," the motto of a man who is now several times a millionaire, is the keynote of all great successes. The money-getters in the above list, however, are unique in their day and generation, and no set of rules can be made how to duplicate their achievements.

## ONE OF THE LORDS OF THE EARTH.

An Able-Bodied Prehistoric American, Who Settled in This Country Ages Before Columbus, Dug Up and Restored by Prof. Marsh.

STEGOSAURUS-UNGULATUS is the name of a gigantic American animal which made his appearance on the earth ages before man. He was lately discovered by Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale. He belonged to the dinosaur, an order of creation most closely resembling the reptiles, yet showing certain improvements in physical construction over those beasts. Professor Marsh, who is one of the best-known geologists in the world, and the highest authority on dinosaurs, calls attention to Stegosaurus Ungulatus and affirms that he is no ordinary dinosaur, but in fact a very remarkable one. His picture will be sufficient to prove the truth of this assertion.

His fossil remains were found in Wyoming, in a geological formation of the Jurassic period. They were restored by Professor Marsh.

No dinosaur would, of course, be ordinary in modern eyes, but there are dinosaurs that are more extraordinary than others, and Ungulatus is one of them. He lived in an age when his family were absolute lords of the earth, and when any other animal came along it had a very unhappy time, for the dinosaurs were carnivorous as well as gigantic. It was an age when the camptosaurus and the ceratosaurus struggled over the remains of the hapless ceratodus, one of the earliest mammals to appear in this world.

These gigantic reptilian animals reached in some cases a length of sixty feet, were covered with armor so thick that it would have required artillery to pierce them, and teeth with which they could have chewed up a small house. Modern elephants would have been crushed like little mice in the jaws of some of these creatures. There are no dinosaurs left on the earth, but it seems as if the legends of dragons among all races must have had their origin in some surviving specimens of these terrible monsters.

He had, moreover, other means of offence than his teeth. The lower spines on his enormous tail are, in the opinion of Professor Marsh, intended for offence. If so, they could only have been used against enemies at his back or sides. It is hard to think of an animal who fights with his tail as being very aggressive. Stegosaurus, we may assume, was a peaceable dinosaur, who sat down quietly and ate a juicy tree, which he had selected for himself. He interfered with no one and expected no one to interfere with him. If some carnivorous dinosaur proposed to do this he would be struck in the stomach with four long spikes attached to the tail of Stegosaurus. Only a dinosaur of the first magnitude was qualified to make such an attempt. Even were he far more powerful he would find Stegosaurus defended to a large extent by the enormous vertical plates, which extended from head to tail and developed into spikes at the latter end.

It is thrilling to imagine inoffensive Stegosaurus ambulating slowly away from his feeding place, pursued by a ferocious Ceratosaurus. Nascornis, Ceratosaurus, is of enormous size—at least thirty feet long—has huge jaws and teeth, and a formidable horn upon his nose. He has, however, no armored plates on his back or tail. His forelegs being short, like those of a kangaroo, his stomach is exposed. His tail is of considerable length, but of extraordinary thickness. He advances by the aid of his tail, like a kangaroo, but much more slowly.

He gallops on slow Stegosaurus, however, and in time cranes forward his huge neck to take a bite. Up goes a great tail, and Ceratosaurus receives four spikes where they are most unwelcome.

He sheds much blood, but plods on after Stegosaurus. The next time he moves craftily round to the side and bites at Stegosaurus's back. But the upright plates, though not so sharp as the spikes, are quite impenetrable. At the same time the formidable tail comes round and jabs Ceratosaurus in the most fleshy and defenceless part.

But Ceratosaurus is in the fight to win. He leans down his great neck and aims a terrible blow at Stegosaurus's stomach, and lands there. The huge vegetarian is shaken, and turns his spiny back on Ceratosaurus once more; but that animal is at his side again. Stegosaurus hides his head and endeavors to offer nothing but plates to his enemy, but Ceratosaurus batters at him furiously, and finally succeeds in overturning him. Then he kills him. So strength and ferocity win the day, and Ceratosaurus dines on selected portions of Stegosaurus. Such was life in early geological times.

Professor Marsh gives a detailed scientific description of Stegosaurus in the last report of the United States Geological Survey. The head and neck, the massive fore limbs, and, in fact, the whole skeleton, indicate slow locomotion on all four feet. The longer hind limbs and the powerful tail show, however, that the animal could thus support himself as on a tripod, and in this position could perhaps have been easily assumed in consequence of the massive hind quarters.

The teeth are confined to the maxillary and dentary bones. They are quite small, with compressed, fluted crowns, and indicate that the food of the animal was soft, succulent vegetation.

The limb bones are solid, and this is true of every other part of the skeleton. The feet were short and massive, and the terminal phalanges of the functional toes were covered by strong hoofs.

The series of vertical plates along the back and over two-thirds of the tail is a most remarkable feature, and would not, says Professor Marsh, have been credited had not the plates themselves been found in position. The four pairs of massive spines situated above the lower third of the tail are apparently the only part of this peculiar armor used for defence. In addition to the portions of armor mentioned there was a pair of small plates just behind the skull, which served to protect this part of the neck.

All these plates and spines, massive and powerful as they now are, were in life protected by a thick, horny covering, which must have greatly increased their size and weight.

Ceratosaurus is a very differently constructed creature. Professor Marsh has also devoted much attention to his habits and structure. The name means "horned saurian," and is given on account of the very prominent horn on the creature's nose. The large bones of this great flesh-eating animal were hollow, and many of the vertebrae are deeply excavated. The skeleton was evidently constructed with a view to lightness and strength combined.

The skull is very large in proportion to the rest of the body. The nasal bones support a large horn-cave, the side of which is very rough and marked with what are called vascular grooves. These peculiarities show that the horn was a very powerful and effective one.

The ceratosaurus was, then, a reptile which had a horn like that of a rhinoceros. It could swim nearly as well as a fish, had a body somewhat like the kangaroo, had some bird-like features, and strength enough to crush the largest animal now alive. The jaw bones are long and heavy, each having fifteen large, sharp teeth, which show signs of hard use. The eyes are protected by overhanging protuberances. The long, thick tail is well adapted for swimming. The fore limbs are very small, each having four fingers, all armed with sharp claws. Their use is probably to hold prey and not to support the body.

An infinite variety of reptiles hardly less strange than these two were their companions on earth. Their shape was such that to people accustomed only to modern forms of life it would be impossible to believe that these monsters ever existed. If geologists had not found practically complete fossilized skeletons of them. They seem more like the creations of a night-mare than animals.

A crocodile thirty feet long, with a huge hump on his shoulders and teeth 6 inches long, was a common sight in the Eocene period. The condition of the earth seems to have been peculiarly favorable to the development of crocodiles and alligators, for there was an immense number of species distributed everywhere.

"At the present day," says Sir Richard Owen, "the rivers of earth, air, water and which are indispensable to the and propagation of the of living saurians, occur temperate latitudes of the globe. Crocodiles and alligators now require, in order to put forth in full vigor the powers of their cold-blooded constitution, the stimulus of a large amount of solar heat, with ample verge of watery space for the evolutions which they practise in the capture and disposal of their prey."

## AFRICAN NUNS WHO

The spectacle of nuns occupied as blacksmiths is a strange one, but it may be witnessed near King William's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa.

When the Sisters of St. Dominic went out to South Africa in order to find fresh fields of labor, they purchased a very large farm near King William's Town. Then they were confronted with a serious difficulty. Farm laborers are scarce in Cape Colony, and none could be found to work the broad acres.

Nothing daunted, the Sisters set to work doing all the work on the place themselves, and they have kept on doing all of it ever since. Day after day, week after week and month after month they have labored in the shops and fields, and exposure to the sun has gradually changed them from pale-faced, delicate-handed convent women to brawny, horny-handed daughters of toil.

The most picturesque place on the farm is the blacksmith's shop. A number of Sisters have become excellent blacksmiths, dressed in the Dominican garb,



## WORK AT THE FORGE.

they work at the forge every day, making the bellows blow and the sparks fly as deftly as their brothers elsewhere. Showing the farm horses is one of the chief duties of these women blacksmiths, but they also repair all of the farm machinery, and supply all of the ironwork needed in the settlement.

The nuns, of course, are not new women. They do not proclaim in public that they are members of a superior sex which has just been discovered. But the work they are doing is fully as extraordinary as anything which the typical new woman claims she can do.

They are members of a religious order which has existed for hundreds of years, and the unusual labor which they are performing now they would doubtless have performed at any other period of their history if the occasion had arisen. The fact is that there is scarcely any work which a woman cannot do if the motive impelling her thereto is strong enough. There is no stronger motive than devotion to a religious cause.

## THE CHAMPION SLEEP WALKER'S 150 ADVENTURES.

Annie Rossman Faced Death Many Times While She Was Fast Asleep.

Sat on a Letter Box.

What adds greatly to the strangeness of the case is that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Miss Rossman is, in fact, the most aggravated sleepwalker that the physicians who have examined her have ever known or heard of. She is now in the Arapahoe County Hospital in Denver, where an effort is being made to cure her of a habit which otherwise is likely to end her life.

She has wandered out of doors in her sleep, and been in imminent peril of her life, more than 150 times.

She has gone in front of a moving train, jumped into a canal and climbed a telegraph pole. Several times she has been rescued by policemen, at others by ordinary citizens, and once by a fireman.

Boots, bars, locks and handcuffs have not been sufficient to keep her from getting out of the house in her sleep. When in the semiconscious state she seems gifted with supernatural cunning, strength and ability.

Miss Rossman is a very pretty young woman, with blond hair and a pretty coloring. It has naturally been a source of great suffering to her that she should have performed most of her feats in her nightgown. Not only does the habit put her in a position of a violent death, but the embarrassing positions in which it places her have worried her into illness.

For eight years she has been more or less given to sleepwalking, but within the last two years it has gone to extraordinary lengths. The first alarming occurrence was when she woke up to find herself seated on a letter box with her arms around the lamp post. At this time she dreamed she was in a theatre, with her arm around a pillar, but in nearly all subsequent adventures she had no idea at all of what she was doing. This is an extraordinary feature of her case, because in nearly all others sleepwalking is a continuation of a dream.

One night she left her home at Twenty-first and California streets, Denver, and started in the direction of North Denver. She reached the bridge on Cherry Creek, but, instead of crossing it, went down by the side and attempted to walk on the water, with the natural result. Fortunately the creek was not very deep, and a policeman saw her and pulled her out. Even the shock of the water did not awaken her, and it was several minutes before she came to.

Very often she went out and returned unnoticed. It seems curious that a young woman asleep, wearing a nightgown and no shoes or stockings, should wander uninterrupted through the streets of a city at night.

She had a very narrow escape when she attempted to leave her room on the third story by the window. She opened the window, dropped down and hung to the sill by her hands. A passing policeman saw her danger, got into the house and rescued her from the window.

There was some cause for amusement in her great dancing feat. One night she arose and walked in her usual scanty covering to Arapahoe street, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets. There she began to dance something very much like a negro double-shuffle. A few bystanders watched her with amusement and breathless interest. As she went on she became more vigorous in her movements. Her body swayed to and fro, her arms waved and her legs went up and down in a spirited manner. At length a policeman came and took her to the station, where she woke up. She was terribly mortified at what had happened.

A cable car had an adventure with her. She left her home and wandered down Twenty-first street to Curtis street. Then a car bore down on her and struck her just as she was stepping off the track.

It brushed her out of the way and knocked her down, but she escaped with a few bruises. She was picked up and taken home in an ambulance.

Again she left her home and walked to the Union Railroad depot. She was in street dress and therefore attracted little attention. She bought a ticket for Cheyenne, left the depot and walked toward an approaching train. With her usual luck, she was pulled out of the way just in time. Again, she made her way down to Sixteenth street early in the morning, when there were quite a number of heavy wagons passing up the street, and calmly walked in front of one of the largest that was going west at a lively gait.

The driver saw her and pulled up his horses, but she would have been badly injured had not a policeman seen her just in time and pulled her from beneath the horses' hoofs. She was not even scratched.

On another occasion she mistook herself for a fireman. She went out and began to climb a telegraph pole. She showed considerable skill in doing this, and was near the top before she was observed. Those who understood her condition were in a dilemma, for they feared that if they brought her suddenly out of her trance she would fall and be killed. The difficulty was finally solved by sending for a fire ladder, which was run up alongside of the telegraph pole. A strong fireman ran up and quickly grasped her in his arms. She was greatly frightened, and was ill for several days afterward.

Her family tried many expedients to prevent her from wandering far in her sleepwalking, but they had little success. If the key was hidden in her room she showed marvellous ingenuity in finding it. If it were not there she took to the window. Then the plan of tying her hands was tried, and she managed to slip her hands out of the bandages. Once the key was placed at the bottom of a barrel of water, but even the contact with this did not awaken her.

She realizes that her life has been saved by a series of miracles, and she cannot hope that they will be continued permanently. The hospital physicians are now endeavoring to cure her by a very thorough and scientific course of treatment. A nurse watches her all the time, and when she starts to walk in her sleep she is awakened suddenly by a dash of cold water and a hard shaking. It is hoped that the painful sensations experienced in this way will have a deterring effect, even when she is asleep. This treatment has already produced favorable results, and her ultimate recovery is confidently hoped for.

Chained to Her Bed.

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Prostrate in the Street.

